



stoning the devil

565

"BECAUSE CULTURE IS A CONVERSATION"

friday, february 19, 2010

Three Apps



Prescript: I've affixed the picture of Natalie Wood to this post because it's her "fine performance of Bolero" in the film *Splendor in the Grass* which appears in Apparition Poem 1647; a hinge to the Madame Psychosis section of [Beams](#).

#1647

She told me I love boy/girl poems, love scenes in them based on a deep degeneracy inherited from too much heat around my genitals, as manifest in tangents I could only see if I was getting laid. She told me this as I was getting laid in such a way that any notion

of telling was subsumed in an ass as stately as a mansion, which I filled with the liquid cobwebs of my imagination. There was grass outside being smoked in a car in which another boy/girl scenario played out in a brunette giving a fine performance of Bolero in her movements,

and I immediately flashed back to the deep genitals of my first girlfriend and the way she used to implore God's help at certain moments, who was certainly watching this. That's it, that's the whole spiel I have on boy/girl poems and why they are hated by the dry dunces who love them.

#1511

steps up to my flat, on which we sat, tongues flailed like fins, on sea of you, not me, but we thought (or I thought) there'd be reprieve in between yours, for us to combine, you were terribly vicious, this is our end (here, amidst I and I), does she even remember this, obscure island, lost in Atlantis?

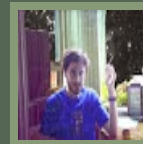
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about me



Adam Fieled

Adam Fieled is a poet, theorist, and musician. His books include "Posit" (Dusie Press, 2007), "Beams" (Blazevox, 2007), "When You Bit.." (Otoliths, 2008), "Apparition Poems" (Blazevox, 2010), "Cheltenham" (Blazevox, 2012), and "Cheltenham Elegies/Keats' Odal Cycle" (Gyan Books, 2015). His latest book is "The Posit Trilogy" (Argotist Online E-Books, 2017). He is the founder of the Philly Free School, a magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and holds an MFA from New England College and an MA from Temple University, where he was a University Fellow and taught for many years. He also taught at the University of the Sciences in West Philadelphia.

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#1617

Philosophy says that poets want to lose.
What are conditions of losing: to whom?
The conditions (to whom they concern, to

unrepresented phantoms, mostly) are colors,
which, to transcribe, require a solid core of
nebulous necromancy which philosophy calls

(for its own poetic reasons) "loss." I took this
from one strictly (which necessitated looseness
towards me) for himself, took several median

blended colors and painted a razor on the roof
of a red building. Then I fell off. But I lived.

posted by [adam fieled](#) at 2:06 pm

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stoning the devil

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"BECAUSE CULTURE IS A CONVERSATION"

monday, december 28, 2009

Apps for Winter



#1649

Oh you guys, you guys are tough.
I came here to write about some
thing, but now that I came, I can't
come to a decision about what I

came for. What? You said I can't
do this? You said it's not possible
because it's a violation and not a
moving one? It's true, you guys

are tough. You know I have tried,
at different times, to please you in
little ways, but this one time I had
this student that was giving me head

and she stopped in the middle to tell
me that I had good taste and you had
bad taste, and I'll admit it, I believed
her. She was your student too, maybe

you've seen her around. She's the one
with the scarves and the jewelry and
the jewels and the courtesy to give the
teachers head who deserve it. Do you?

#1307

She hovers above planet
Earth, making strategies
for safe landings, but not
able to see that she is also
on planet Earth, watched
like a crazed cat, a maze-
rat, or a tied-up mime, I
cannot save someone so
high up or far down, it's
like a black thread about

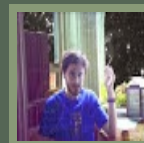
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to snap, as it strains past
breaking point she reaches
for champagne, to celebrate—
bubbles lunge up to break.

#1341

Secrets whispered behind us
have a cheapness to bind us
to liquors, but may blind us
to possibilities of what deep
secrets are lost in pursuit of
an ultimate drunkenness that
reflects off surfaces like dead
fishes at the bottom of filthy
rivers— what goes up most is
just the imperviousness gained
by walking down streets, tipsy,
which I did as I said this to her,
over the Schuylkill, two fishes.

#1488

liquor store, linoleum
floor, wine she chose
 was always deep red,
 dark, bitter aftertaste,
 unlike her bare torso,
 which has in it
 all that ever was
 of drunkenness-
to miss someone terribly,
to both still be in love, as
she severs things because
 she thinks she must-
 exquisite torture, it's
 a different bare torso,
(my own) that's incarnadine-

posted by [adam fieled](#) at 4:04 am

2 comments:



mary harju said...

Incarnadine. Great word. I just used it recently while writing about Jesus.

8:34 AM



p.f.s. post said...

Mary,

It is.

Remember when the three of us actually had a song called "Incarnadine"?

We were actually a decent little trio.

Ad

12:12 PM

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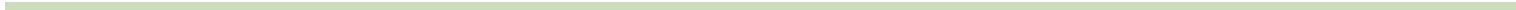
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"BECAUSE CULTURE IS A CONVERSATION"

wednesday, december 09, 2009

More New Apps



#1335

terse as this is, it is
given to us in bits
carelessly shorn
from rocky slopes,
of this I can only
say nothing comes
with things built in,
it's always sharp edges,
crevices, crags, precipice,
abrupt plunges into "wants,"
what subsists between us
happens in canyons lined
in blue waters where this
slides down to a dense
bottom, I can't retrieve
you twice in the same
way, it must be terse
because real is terse,
tense because it's so
frail, pine cones held
in a child's hand, snapped.

#1330

When the sky brightens slightly
into navy blue, "what's the use"
says the empty street to parking
lots elevated four stories above.

#1316

Hunters get smitten with their prey,
but to kill is such an amazing rush
who could possibly resist, I'm into
these thoughts because you dazzle
me away from words into your red
pulpy depths, which I resent, but I
can do nothing about, because you
have nails in your cunt and crucifix
in your mouth, when I come I'm a

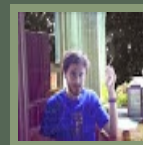
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perfect personal Jesus, but the gash
is all yours, did I mention [I love you?](#)

#1313

we can't stop trying to conceive,
even though our bodies are dead
to each other, and nightly deaths
I took for granted are razors in a
part of my flesh that
can never live again-
certain possessions possess us.

P.S. An interview with me in [Goss 183](#).

posted by [adam fieled](#) at 1:58 am

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